

# The Messy Magpie

It's often been noted as years have gone by  
That magpies collect all the things that they spy.

They love all things colourful, shiny and bold,  
No matter how tiny, no matter how old.

Morris the Magpie's the same, it would seem,  
As he loves to pick up any objects that gleam.

He takes them all home to his nest in a tree  
To make it look special for others to see.



Now one day, young Morris was struck by surprise  
When a gift was thrown down right in front of his eyes.



As it flew from a car, Morris said, "Could it be  
That this human has given a present to me?"

He swooped down to pick up the beautiful gift,  
Which was hard to manoeuvre and heavy to lift.

He carried it home, though it took him all day,  
Then he cleaned up his present to put on display.

He wanted to decorate all that he could  
So the next day, he went to the edge of the wood.

He flew to the place where the gift had been dropped,  
Where he saw that a family of humans had stopped.

He hopped down to search for his gift on the floor  
But he noticed that this time they'd left many more.

Shimmering treasures amongst all the green,  
These gifts were the finest that Morris had seen.

Each day, he returned and he couldn't believe  
All the wonderful gifts that were left to retrieve.

His tree was soon bursting, with no space for more,  
So he started to spread them all out on the floor.



The more of these gifts that his human friends threw,  
The more his collection expanded and grew!



Then one day, as Morris was sat in his tree,  
Admiring the beauty of all he could see,

He noticed that things were now changing below;  
That the plants were all dying and struggling to grow.

The grass was not green like it had been before.  
The flowers were wilting, not bright anymore.

His animal friends watched in fear and distress  
As their homes and their food were soon lost to the mess.

He turned to the stream, which no longer looked blue  
But instead, had a horrible muddy-like hue.



The water was flowing more slowly that day  
As the big piles of rubbish were blocking its way.

“Oh no!” Morris cried, as he gasped with alarm,  
“I never intended to cause all this harm.

The forest is damaged; the humans weren't kind.  
All these gifts were just rubbish that got left behind.”

The pride Morris felt for his lovely display  
Was soon turning to sadness, regret and dismay.

He adored the collection he'd lovingly built  
But his joy had now turned to a feeling of guilt.

He vowed to himself he would put it all right  
So he leapt off his branch and then quickly took flight.

He soared high and low looking out for a clue  
That would show him the safest and best thing to do.

He noticed a truck driving past on the road,  
Which was filled with a very familiar load.

He followed the truck to see where it would go,  
Feeling hopeful he'd find what he needed to know.

Morris arrived at a bustling place,  
Which had giant containers and masses of space.

Each bin had a sign marking what it was for  
And the rubbish piled up, with each car adding more.

“But where does it go?” whispered Morris, confused.  
To his shock, a voice said, “It gets crushed and reused.”



A seagull appeared and then said with a sigh,  
"It's amazing what humans can do when they try."

"That's it!" Morris said and he knew what to do.  
"If I bring it all here, they can make something new.



I might need some help but I must make amends."  
So he called on a couple of very good friends.

They fetched and they carried for most of the night  
And they worked as a team till they'd put it all right.

When the rubbish was gone, Morris looked all around,  
At the stream and the flowers, the trees and the ground.

He desperately hoped that he'd made enough room  
For the beauty of nature to once again bloom.



He planted...



and watered...



and nurtured away...

Till the forest was thriving and growing each day.

Then Morris knew nothing would make his heart sing  
Like the colourful beauty that nature could bring.

He no longer needed the shiniest nest  
And he realised that having a green home was best.



# Questions

1. What is the name of the magpie in the story? Tick one.
  - Martin
  - Morris
  - Mason
2. Where did Morris get his first 'gift' from the humans? Tick one.
  - he found it in the park
  - it was in a bin
  - it was thrown from a car
3. What did Morris do with the shiny 'gifts' he found? Tick one.
  - he used them to decorate his home
  - he threw them away
  - he gave them to his friends
4. What started to happen as Morris' collection grew bigger? Tick one.
  - Morris' friends became happy
  - the plants were dying
  - Morris couldn't find his nest
5. What did Morris do with all of his 'gifts' once he realised they were rubbish? Tick one.
  - he made them into gifts for his friends
  - he left them in the woods
  - he recycled them

# Answers

1. What is the name of the magpie in the story? Tick one.
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# Questions

1. What type of bird is Morris? Tick one.

- a blackbird  
 a magpie  
 a crow

2. What object was thrown from the car? Tick one.

- a crisp packet  
 a water bottle  
 a fizzy drinks can

3. What does Morris notice when he returns to the place where his gift was dropped?

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4. Draw a line to match up the boxes to complete the sentences.

His tree was soon

like it had been before.

Shimmering treasures amongst

all the green.

The grass was not green

bursting.

5. Complete this sentence.

All these gifts were just \_\_\_\_\_ that got left behind.

presents

people

rubbish

# Answers

1. What type of bird is Morris? Tick one.

- a blackbird  
 **a magpie**  
 a crow

2. What object was thrown from the car? Tick one.

- a crisp packet  
 a water bottle  
 **a fizzy drinks can**

3. What does Morris notice when he returns to the place where his gift was dropped?

**The humans have left more gifts.**

4. Draw a line to match up the boxes to complete the sentences.

His tree was soon	like it had been before.
Shimmering treasures amongst	all the green.
The grass was not green	bursting.

5. Complete this sentence.

All these gifts were just **rubbish** that got left behind.



# Questions

1. What does Morris love? Tick one.

- messy things  
 shiny things  
 small things

2. Why had the family of humans stopped in the woods?

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3. Find three adjectives used to describe the gifts/rubbish.

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
3. \_\_\_\_\_

4. Draw a line to match the word to its meaning.

manoeuvre

a careful movement

expanded

in pain or feeling worried

distress

increased in size

5. What does the seagull say happens at the recycling centre?

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6. Do you think it's a good idea to recycle? Why?

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# Answers

1. What does Morris love? Tick one.

- messy things  
 **shiny things**  
 small things

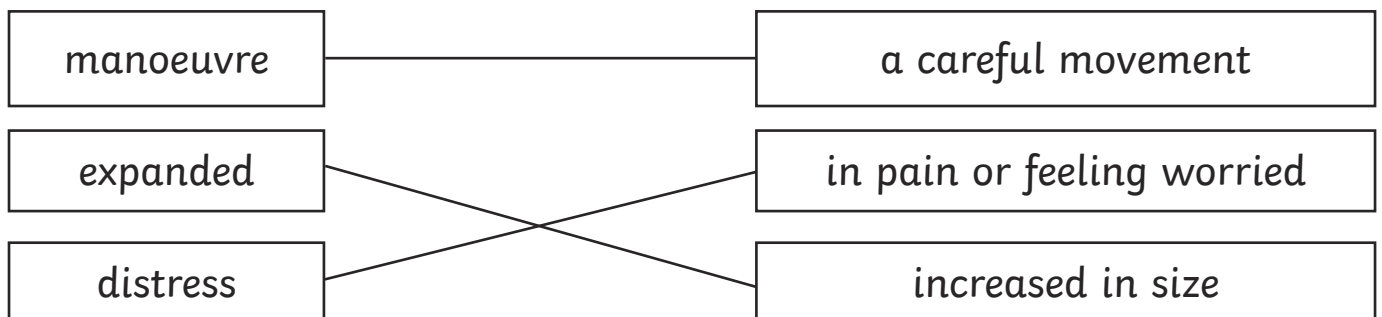
2. Why had the family of humans stopped in the woods?

**They stopped to have a picnic.**

3. Find three adjectives used to describe the gifts/rubbish.

**Accept any three from: beautiful, heavy, shimmering, finest, lovely.**

4. Draw a line to match the word to its meaning.



5. What does the seagull say happens at the recycling centre?

**Accept either: The rubbish gets crushed and reused; They make something new.**

6. Do you think it's a good idea to recycle? Why?

**Various answers.**